



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

# Yours Truly



👁️ 118 ✓ 3 ⭐ 9

## Chapter 1 by GingerSoulofDeath

I could hear her laughter. The sharp, piercing sounds like nails on a chalkboard. I knew I was done for. She isn't going to stop until I surrender, but how can I? Doing that is the same as making a deal with the Devil.

## Chapter 2 by Sarah



I heard the piercing sounds stop, and there was a pause.

She walked across the room to me, and looked into my eyes and said

"I'm still waiting for our deal..."

## Chapter 3 by Jess Ash



Her hand came to rest softly on my shoulder. Her eyes are icy blue. Fittingly harsh for a cruel woman.

"It's not a hard thing," her sweet voice whispered in my ear. "A simple exchange. You give me some information, and I give you your life, as well as the lives of your friends." She held up the key to the handcuffs around my wrists. "Don't you want to go? Walk in the woods? See your friends? Isn't that something you want?"

I struggled against my restraints, the metal cuffs knocking against the chair I was tied to.

"When I get out of here."

"That's the thing she wanted."

See more of Story Wars

She walked away from me.

Login

or

Create new account

The table, the only other thing I have left to do.

"So," she said, voice low and dangerous, "what will it be?"

## Chapter 4 by Jess Ash



I closed my eyes, considering my options. I try to calm my breathing, which comes in short, ragged gasps. Really, there's only one choice. I just don't know if I have the guts to take it.

I examine the facts. If I say no, I'm dead, and so is my team. If I say yes, and I tell her, then I'm dead. I sigh heavily.

The only option that doesn't result in my certain death is if I say I will tell her, then feed her false information and hope our employer comes to get us. It's a risk, and I'm definitely putting all my eggs in one basket. But, my team comes first. They taught me when I was being trained to take charge.

"Fine."

It's one hard, direct word. There's no formality, no pretense of willingness. She has me where she wants me, and I know it.

"Good." Her voice echos through the room. It's softer now, almost friendly.

Most people would feel safe now. I refuse the feeling. I'm not going to fall for her tricks, her deceit. She wants me to have a false sense of security. But, that's not going to happen with me. Not after what happened to Marksman.

I shut my eyes, trying to somehow block the uncomfortable memories. We all remember Marksman. He was the best of us. A great shot, a great man, a great everything. He may have been our leader, but he was also much more than that. He was our ally, our brother.

Our friend.

I open my eyes again and look at the woman. 'I know it was you,' I think to myself. 'I know you

I killed him, and I want to kill you.' I turn away from her, my heart racing. I can't afford to let her see the fear in my eyes. I need to stay strong, for nothing less than victory.

See more of Story Wars

You killed him, and I want to kill you.

Login

or

Create new account

## Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8 (1 draft)

**i** You need to login before writing - click here

Continue the story

Flag as mature    receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) |   

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account